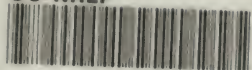


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BARD OF TAR FLAT

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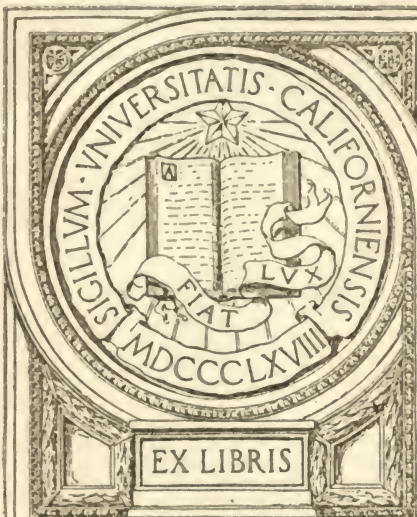
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Stray Leaves

from

Memory's Album

Short Stories from the Poetical Works
of the Bard of Tar Flat and other
Eminent Authors



South of Market St. Idyls



"The Tattlers' Library" Collection

Transcription

by

M. B. H.

TAR FLAT

"Twas a freeman born that "Rounded the Horn,"
In the crisp days of "Forty-nine:"

'Twas muscle and nerve, and never a swerve
From the course of the law Divine;
There were bright days, and drear, and happ'n-
ings queer,

But soon came the pivotal time;
The future was told in millions in gold,
And customs from every clime!

In the days of old; in the days of gold,
When old San Francisco was young,
The north-end of town had men of renown—
And seekers of fortune among!

But soon came a day when commerce held sway.
When builders of Empire should meet
Near the forge fire's glow, and the shipwright's
blow—

On the south-side of Market Street!

The workers there dwelt, and frequently knelt
At the shrine of the mirthful—or saint—
And never a lad, nor lassie so bad
Who'd voice e'er a scandalous plaint!
Such masters as Drew—and polished Lunt, too,
In Terpsichore Art well skilled,
'Neath the gas jets' glow tripped the supple toe,
Till Youth was delightfully drilled!

A polyglot bunch, with prayer or punch,
Yet, loyal e'er lassie and swain
As ever a knight of royalty, quite,
Or a prince in the priestly train!
Vernacular odd ("aw Cholly by gawd
Who's the guy with the skirt over there?
Naw, shucks yer ain't on; he's daft shure's yer
bawn;
He's givin' 'er puff's uv hot air!")

With a flow of good will, on Rincon Hill
The Money Kings lavished their fare,
And never a frown—on that end of town
That brought in the shekels to spare!
Exclusive South Park, another lone spark
To illumine the Money Kings' joy,
Stretched forth the "glad hand" to the workers'
band;
And dear Mrs. Kelly's own boy!

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MAIN

Oh, ye saints look down on this new made town,
And tell me, pray, which way to go;
The shore-line's deranged, and every thing's
changed,
And, never a corner I know!
Yet, while in the fray it cheers me to say,
"All hail to the prince or the brat,
Who claimed as his own, this water-front zone,
And gave it its title—Tar Flat!"

The title is good: 'Tis well understood
That clipper ships staunch, in their day,
Hove to, and so, let the big anchors go
In the south-end turn of the bay!
And 'twas there Jack Tar off voyage from afar,
Found a relished haven of rest,
And the dance hall girl to mix in the whirl—
Dolled up for a sweetheart quest!

On the Tar Flat land rose a castle grand,
Whose fare to the Jack Tar was free,
Till health should prevail and prompt him to sail
To the port of a foreign sea.
And ornate—not marred—were many things
tarred,
The products in iron and steel,
And the shrouds and stays, and marline relays,
And the seams from bulwark to keel!

'Twas a busy zone; the very back-bone
Of commerce and mercantile trend,
And that tarry spot, with brains and brawn
wrought
Our proud ship of state in the end!
And the foundry knew Peter Donahue,
And Hinckley, and Spires, and Hayes,
Coffey, Risdon, Scott and Prescott who wrought
With a master-hand in those days.

But the ships with sails, that weathered the gales,
By the nerve of the Jolly Tar,
Are things of the past, and steamers at last
Are ploughing their way o'er the bar!
Now, everything's new, and the land-marks few,
Where princes or artisans sat;
But never a frown nor blush shall I own
For mem'ries of dear old Tar Flat!

(Bard of Tar Flat.)

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Stray Leaves

from

Memory's Album

Short Stories from the Poetical Works
of the Bard of Tar Flat and other
Eminent Authors



Fireside Tales



Reminiscence

"The Tattlers' Library" Collection

Transcription

by

M. D. H.

THE OLD DAYS AND THE NEW WAYS

I do not care to go to church
In all the grand new-fangled ways;
But mem'ry's record oft I search
For grandpa's good old-fashion'd days,
When parsons plough'd and reap'd the grain,
As well as preach'd the word of God,
And trudged through snow or drenching rain
To lay some sinner 'neath the sod.
I well remember that sweet wife
Of our dear parson, don't you know,
Who brought the sunshine to a life
Of some poor cuss engulf'd, in woe!
From early morn till late at night
She spun the yarn and mix'd the doughs,
And by the candles' yellow light
Darn'd socks and made the home-spun clothes.
The fiddle, flute, and clarinet,
The cello and the slide trombone,
With voices blent made you forget
You had an earthly cause to moan;
Ay, when the congregation rose
And with the instruments pitch'd in,
In pious manner to dispose
Of some old continental hymn,
Of all the good stored in your soul
There warn't a whit left slumb'rin' there;
But o'er your features mildly stole
A look bereft of worldly care.
The horses champ'd their oats at rest,
Till hitchin'-up-time well began,
Then, togg'd out in your Sunday best
You rode home with your Mary Ann.
But times are changed since then, old boy,
And somehow I jest sort o' feel
"Ye old-time hymn" lacks pious joy
With quartette choir and organ zeal.
Perch'd on a bench you'll see a dude,
Who, with his feet some pedals plays,
Then with a flourish call'd prelude,
His fingers trips the keyboards' ways!

The invocation scarcely o'er,
That organist spiels off a ral.;
The fair soprano then doth soar,
And forth she squeaks a "come down Sal":
Some more gymnastics with the keys—
Respite ad-lib—twixt dude and gal—
The plump contralto, if you please,
Chips in right here with "come down Sal";
And then the tenor chose to rant
In foggy, wobbly, nasal tones,
Some sort of gibberish or cant
That fairly chill'd your marrow-bones;
But 'twas the tenor's right to roam
In music's broad entrancing kraal,
And so he sends the echo home—
That twice repeated "come down Sal".
The basso, wriggling in his seat,
With jealousy was boilin' o'er,
For his one chance to rise and beat
The three that's madly howl'd before!
The organist the ivories paws,
And then the basso mumbles—wal,
'Twas simply that long drawn out clause,
That thrice repeated "come down Sal".
How sad to think their cause was lost—
The lusty voice, the organ's hum—
And Sal could not be coax'd nor boss'd,
So, silenty, refused to come.
At last your patience sorely tried,
You hoped for some-one at the bat
To rush the game straight home, beside,
To learn what they were drivin' at.
You felt the climax must be nigh,
As sure as sunshine after showers;
When lo, the blessed four doth try,
With force that sways the pulpit flowers,
To modernize "ye old-tyme hymn,"
And show how in these latter days
'Ye ancient tunes" they cut and trim,
And polish off 'ye old-tyme lays.
In one grand effort then they cry,
With most prodigious vocal powers,
"Come down Salvation from on high"
And save these wretched souls of ours!

Bard of Tar Flat.

HER SOFT BLUE EYES

I've watched the roses bud and blow
Beneath the Summer skies,
Yet, fairer far to me I know
A pair of soft blue eyes,
Of luring cast, with magic fraught:
Ah, me, alack-a-day
Her witchy eyes a spell had wrought
To steal my heart away!

Oft when the shades of evening fall
O'er plain, or mossy dell,
From mem'ry's page I e'er recall
The most alluring spell,
When youth and beauty, blithe and free,
Withal so fond and true,
A glance entrancing sent to me
From eyes of sweetest blue!

O'er all the earth, in any clime
Where'er I'd chance to dwell.
The fairest flower—in ripest prime—
Ne'er wove enchanted spell,
Which could my fancy turn, nor wean
From me the blissful hour,
Nor psychic forces' mystic sheen
Retrieve me from their power.

Oft have I studied Fate to quell
The fast consuming flame;
Oft have I prayed the Muse to tell
From whence the passion came.
No princess fair from foreign shore,
Nor precious gems I prize:
One fond bequest. Love's dream is o'er—
This pair of soft blue eyes!

Willowy form and grace may blend
With Venus'—how divine—:
Enchanting lore a voice will send,
And others may repine;
And wavy hair like plumes of gold;
And cheeks well dimpled, too.
My story scarce begun is told—
And all for eyes of blue

(Bard of Tar Flat.)

FORSAKEN

A stately mansion rising grand
Against the azure seemed to say,
There's naught but cheer in all the land;
No discontent e'en for a day.
The bright and cheerful blaze within,
The hum of merry childhood's voice
O'er games and frolics to begin,
Where all the household may rejoice.

For self alone from day to day;
From month to month and year to year,
They trip along their listless way
And ne'er the voice of hunger hear!
No thought of all the outer world,
The miser, waif, or vagabond
At whom the shaft of scorn is hurled
To sink them deeper in despair!

Dark was the night and weirdly drear,
And thunder rent the midnight air,
And lightning flashed his demon fear
O'er ev'ry nook and thoroughfare.
Two shadows through the window-pane;
Decrepit age, and youth so fair,
Drenched and chill'd by hail and rain:
Banished, all hope of mortal care;

Two shadows on the window-screen;
And such a night: so cold and drear!
Within, health, wealth and joy was seen;
Without, grim death was hovering near.
Plodding along the broad highway,
A withered object of despair
Leading a mite as fair as May,
With pleading eyes and golden hair:

Withered age, youth frail and fair,
Alone—with nought but soul to save—
Too soon may find that wifely care;
That mother's love, beyond the grave!
Whence came the twain, or whither bound,
The bustling throng may never know;
Two lifeless forms the morning found—
The storm-king's wrath had laid them low!
(Bard of Tar Flat.)

BROWN EYES

I know a maid in this old town,
With raven hair and eyes of brown,
Who has the sweetest, sunniest smile,
And witchy manners to beguile
The boys for blocks around.
Of untold charms is she possess'd,
And, to her lure am I confess'd;
But later you will understand
How I must bow to her command—
So like a Spartan bound!

No maid was e'er more blithe and sweet;
And, clad in raiment proper neat,
She tripp'd along the great highway
Like sunshine thru a Summer's day
To set the boys a blinking!
So young; so fair; Of love and mirth
You'd say for her there was no dearth;
And, so, of this dear maid I'll say,
I'll dream forever and for aye:
Of her I'm ever thinking.

For me it was but to propose,
To learn how she'd perchance dispose:
So, then, I cast the fatal die,
To see my hopes all shatter'd lie,
And Love dispell'd forever!
Withal, her charm of grace and ease,
Though in her thrall she'd ne'er displease;
When she in silvery accents said,
"Pray know ye, sir, I soon shall wed",
Her act was deftly clever!

There's naught for me but to atone
For my presumption, and to moan
Thru days of listlessness and grief,
And sleepless nights, and no relief
From bright ambition's vaunting.
I foster ne'er a spite nor wrath
For thee fair maid: I pray thy path
May—so the grace of God disposes—
Be strewn with health, and wealth, and roses!
And nothing e'er found wanting!
(Bard of Tar Flat)

THE REPORTER'S DESK

I really don't know what to write;
So, then, old pencil ramble
Regardless of a love or spite
For them that pray or gamble!
'Tis coffee, doughnuts, mush and milk
To start the morning battle—
Scant nourishment 'tis for our ilk
Who blend church stuff with tattle!

It's mighty hard to spiel the truth
To all the daily papers;
They want the breezy stuff forsooth—
The night-life and its capers!
Unless we serve the caper sauce
With chickens and the dressings,
We're ordered to the mighty boss
For editorial blessings!

Upon the carpet we must kneel
And listen to his raking,
And if there's heard a moan or squeal
Our job we'll be forsaking!
No saintly stories can we bring,
Nor classics from the scholars:
They want us promptly at the ring
To write about the maulers;

And how the winner fell in love
With some rich banker's daughter—
Forsook his rural honey-dove
To lead the rich to slaughter!
And how an old man—sporty dress'd—
Was furiously talking
About the contour of the chest;
The fullness of the stocking:

Also the graceful, swanlike neck;
The brilliant eyes disporting,
And on the dimpled cheeks a fleck
Of rouge—to fire the courting!
If long you'd linger with the craft,
Just be a chic disporter,
And trim your bow to shoot the shaft
Like any blaze reporter!

(Bard of Tar Flat.)

Stray Leaves from Memory's Album

Short Stories from
the Poetical Works
of the Bard of Tar
Flat and Other
Eminent Authors



How McGinnis Won The Bet.



This Story Selected from
"The Tattlers' Library" Collection

by
M. D. D.

How McGinnis Won The Bet.

Three men I feature in this tale,
With joy or grief to leaven,
To Hades, one, perchance, may sail,
The other two to Heaven.

McGinnis was an honored man;
O'Connor was a grame;
Whilst Murphy mingled with a clan
Unknown to wealth or fame.

McGinnis was not over rich,
Yet he'd sufficient gold
To place him far above the ditch
And dare the winter's cold.

A man mongst men I'm prone to say;
Of democratic views:
He lived the clean straightforward way
That men ofttimes abuse.

O'Connor came into the world
O'er bigoted and vain:
His stock of venom oft he hurled,
And trailed the crafty train!

You see he always had a whine—
Both in and out of season—
He seemed to have a peevish spine
That paralyzed his reason.

If things were good they'd sure be bad;
If bad they'd go to thunder;
Scarce lived a man who wa'n't a cad—
Woman a seventh wonder.

Altho he lived the rich man's role,
Of all his wealth 'twas said,
"From poor folks half of it he stole—
The balance from the dead".

Now, Murphy, angular and lean---
From genteel folks apart—
Through all his careless ways was seen
An honest pulsing heart.

He surely was no blatherskite,
And even in his gills
He never flunked when in a fight.
But feasted on its thrills.

No trouble breeder e'er was Tim,
Yet, mixed up in a muss,
You'd have to pass it up to him
For bull-dog nerve and cuss.

His creed was simple---Truth and Might:
And so it doth appear
He kept his word of honor bright
And scorned the weakling's fear.

Though in his acts were many flaws,
You'd brand his soul as square.
He measured scant in social cause—
In Truth he measured rare.

Where Circumstance with grim Despair
Warps some poor wretch's heart,
You'll always find Tim Murphy there
To play the Kindling's part.

In manners, rather crude and quaint;
And sometimes swore like sin;
Altho he never posed as saint
St. Peter 'll pass him in.

For years Tim's belly and his pate
Was soaked in alcohol.
Atlast he's wed to cruel Fate—
Elixir mixed with gall.

McGinnis banked on Murphy's word;
He said, in forceful vein,
"He never knew the care-free bird
To flunk in hope of gain.

No matter where or what the brawl
McGinnis figured thus:
Tim Murphy's trend was but a call
To moralize the fuss.

He blent Tim's sorrows with the sins
And mused, "I must confess,
Whate'er the gamble Murphy wins
Through downright cussedness!

And Murhpy never did forget
The faith McGinnis staked;
Nay, never, when his star was set,
And when his hulk was baked.

One day Tim spieled a spooky tale
Unto a doubting group,
And said "whenever I set sail
And loop the skyward loop,

I want my pals of this old zone—
And sure my runnin' mate—
As soon as my poor soul hath flown
My carcass to cremate".

Tim never spieled a doleful tale,
He lived the brighter side;
Quoth he, "Let others mope and quail
Whilst I in joy abide.

O'Connor heard Tim Murphy's spiel,
And to McGinnis said,
"Tis ten to one the cuss will squeal
Before his soul hath fled".

He'll pray in accents trembling low,
He never wished it thus,
To plant him good and deep below—
Like any other cuss.

'O'Connor, I your traits despise:
I'll challenge you a bet;
Tis, when Tim Murphy's spirit flies
His spiel he won't forget!"

"It's here I'll chuck a thousand bucks,'
McGinnis wrathful said.
A thousand so O'Connor chucks,
And thus the bet was made.

They banked the checks safe in escrow—
McGinnis knew his bird---;
He knew O'Connor---head to toe---,
He'd gauged him soul and word.

Well, Murphy skipped the rural pale,
But in a tropic zone,
On jackass-brandy---and worse ale---
He shrank to skin and bone.

Once more his simple kit he strapped,
And cheerful sallied forth
To where the polar bear is trapped---
To roam the frozen north;

And here he met a nondescript---
A Hermit of the hills---
Who, like himself had northward skipped,
Far from the rippling rills;

Far from the fields of waving grain;
Where meadow larks may sing,
Where most alluring charms obtain
While Youth is on the wing.

And so they made a solemn pact,
And swore by all things dear,
That, till the Lord their souls had sacked
Upon this hemisphere,

They'd pull together, like, as twins,
Immune to mortals' train—
Made up, perhaps, of baser sins;
Perhaps of Virtue's plane.

Content is bred in solitude;
It fosters no desire
To fraternize the apish dude
To snuggle near its fire.

Yet, Solitude may sometimes wane—
With vagabonds agree:
So, here we have a genial twain
In direful ecstasy!

Though different as the fox and clam—
As quartz and dirt they hurled—
They vowed they didn't care a damn
For all the outer world.

At last they struck the gold galore,
And stacked it in their den.
Quoth Jake, "when Winter's blasts are o'er
And Spring drops in again,

We'll pack our duds some cheerful morn,
Forget the care and vex,
Until old Gabriel blows his horn
And yells, "pass in your checks."

But Murphy knew his doom was told,
And so he made his will:
'Twas, for McGinnis all his gold—
For his defamers nil.

Melancholy with twilight blent:
Tim murmured as he sighed,
"Dear Jake ere dawn I'll pitch my tent
Beyond the Great Divide.

I'll trust my soul to mystic Fate:
O promise me, sighed Tim,
That my poor carcass you'll cremate—
And ne'er a prayer nor hymn!

And when the oven's good and hot,
And into it I slide,
Though dead, I'll dream no earthly spot
Shall mark where I abide.

In life we prize the favors most—
And music by the band—
Not after we yield up the ghost
To roam "That Happy Land."

'Twas when the sun had crept below
The rugged Northland hills
That Murphy's head-light ceased to glow,
And canned his mortal ills.

'Twas in the pardner's faithful soul,
To carry out Tim's plan,
But there was not sufficient coal,
Nor yet a toastin' pan;

But while his frame was limp and bask
Jake folded it up close,
And packed it in a whiskey cask,
Trusting he'd there repose,

Until he reached the old home town,
Whereat in other days
They jibed him as an apish clown
Withal his shiftless ways.

The candle's weird and yellow flare
Made this a grewsome sight;
But with the tools and tender care
He wedged the head in tight;

And then he sledged the cask adown
The snow-bound icy trail.
At last he reached the weazen town
Where ships infrequent sail.

Dame Fortune smiled on Jake again,
For here he saw a ship
All trimmed to plough the raging main—
And on the home-bound trip.

He marked the cask, "perishable freight;
And, this side up with care;
Keep cool and do not agitate
While in the tropic air."

They put him in the ice-box where
He'd keep in warmer zones;
And there no wand'ring rat would dare
Disturb his restful bones.

At last he reached the journey's end.
They rolled him to the shack
Where oft he and a swagger friend
Were soused in hootch or sack.

They pulled him from his packing case
And straightened out his limbs,
To sort o' give him somewhat grace
For flowers and prayers and hymns.

A score of candles then they lit
Around his feet and head,
But ne'er a mourner there to sit
And commune with the dead.

They made a fire in Murphy's stove,
Then left and closed the door,
And all was peaceful as a dove
For full an hour or more.

The heat soon vaporized the booze,
And met the candles' flare;
But Tim, in his eternal snooze,
Knew not what happened there.

There came a hissin'. cracklin' sound;
The shack was full aflame,
And soon 'twas but a smould'ring mound,
And Murphy's ashen frame.

At last Tim met his cherished fate;
There lay the toasted frame
That Providence did sure cremate
● To beat O'Connor's game.

'Twas Barleycorn that cast the dart
In dread Consumptive's mold,
That stilled the throbs of Murphy's heart
And laid him stark and cold.

The Devil lost the game, and yet
The Lord—the wise ones say—
Is with the righteous, so the bet
O'Connor had to pay.

McGinnis mused, "the Lord, I guess
Took Murphy and the gin,
And pleased, the Devil to possess
O'Connor and his sin."

As Murphy lived, so, Murphy died;
Square. Through eternal day
The Lord will amble by his side
Along the Heavenly Way.

BARD OF TAR FLAT

Stray Leaves

from

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Priest—Nun—Knave



Reminiscence

“The Tattlers’ Library” Collection

Transcription

by

M. D. H.

PRIEST—NUN—KNAVE

They gazed afar o'er the boundless sea,
So restful in the mellow dawn;
A Priest, a Nun, a Knave—the three
Were strangers till the day wore on;
Till Phoebus climb'd the eastern hills
To usher in the rosy morn,
And kiss the sparkling, rippling rills,
And flutter o'er the fields of corn.

In mute communion posed they there,
With nought to break the magic train;
And scarce a tremor of the air
To waft the secrets of the brain!
In Wonder-land they seem'd to dwell,
Their souls imprison'd deep within
Their breast—a mask—a mystic cell
To shield a virtue or a sin:

But when the day had well begun,
And smiled on ev'ry shrub and flower,
The three—the Priest, the Knave, the Nun—
Seem'd to invite each other's power!
'Twas first the Priest who bow'd in prayer,
Imploring wisdom from above,
To guide him through Life's thoroughfare
In righteous ways and holy love!

He pray'd for wisdom from on high
To teach the frail and wayward youth
To shun the pitfalls, ever nigh;
To grave their names in fearless truth!
In sacred eloquence he prayed,
And wrought a picture most sublime,
Of penitence too long delayed;
The toll the sinner pays for crime!

And what a picture! how divine;
The scenes were painted bold and rare;
They show'd the tempter's cup of wine,
And, too, the siren's crafty snare,
And Fashion's sinuous dances' lure;
Withal, the princely banquet fare,
Where Beauty spurn'd the mien demure,
And well-bred sons abandon'd care!

His exhortation ended when
He bless'd the glorious Summer day,
And sweetly murmur'd his Amen,
Arose and went his chosen way!
The Nun next bent in wistful mood,
And pray'd for strength to stem the tide
Of evil, and to reap the good,
And evermore in peace abide!

"Unto Thy grace, oh God," she said,
"Do I commend my troubled soul;
Show me, a wand'ring, humble maid,
Redemption's pathway and its goal!
Must I, in scorn at ev'ry turn,
Yield to the chill, relentless glare,
Of them who never can discern
A mortal drowning in Despair?"

"Oh, Lord, my shadow follows me
Through day and night; and ev'ry hour
I vision, whereso-e'er I flee,
A ghost of Satan's ghoulish power!
The error of my youth You know,
As well, the torment of my soul;
'Twould seem an all sufficient blow
To satisfy the Reaper's toll!"

'Twas then a smile of sweet content
O'erspread her face so wond'rous fair;
And, so she felt the Lord had lent
A list'ning ear unto her prayer.
'Twas thus her soulful prayer did end,
And, in the sunshine of the day
She murmur'd, too, her sweet Amen,
Arose and went her chosen way!

Next, then, the Knave, in sneering mood,
Defiant in his self-conceit,
Assumed a pompous attitude
And framed his story to repeat.
He'd listen'd to the Priest and Nun,
And, musing o'er their pious trend,
Acclaim'd that whilst Life's skein he spun
The lord of sports should be his friend!

In modish garb he loiter'd in
The halls where tainted wealth was born;
Where Innocence doth there begin
The night-life with its dark'ning morn!
There 'neath the dazzling chandelier
He spun the wheel of Rouge-et-Noir:
The Master-hand made it appear
That he had won a thousand more!

Now, crazed with drink and vain success,
The Master-hand had him in thrall,
Determined—in his helplessness—
To trap him, stakes, and fortune all!
The game was o'er; the lights were low;
The night without was dark and damp,
But Destiny had will'd it so;
Henceforth he goes a vagrant—tramp!

When Reason came to teach the code,
Known to the gamblers' reckless clan,
He read his future dread abode—
More fit for fowl, or beast, than man!
Thus read his story; thus the end;
And through the chill and rainy day,
Bereft of e'en a worldly friend
He shambled o'er his chosen way!

But, Fate has trail'd the wand'ers' train
Through all the by-ways of the past,
And brings them face to face again—
The Priest, the Nun, and Knave at last!
The Knave, an addict to cocaine,
At eventide, when all was still,
Lay on his cot, a wretch inane,
Within the Poor-house o'er the hill!

The Priest, and, too, the Nun so fair,
As bride and groom—a happy twain—
Were guests—or rather, callers there—
To chant a Christian's sweet refrain!
This picture shows to foe or friend,
Two avenues o'er Life's highway:
It shows the zone where each may end!
Consider well thy chosen way!
—Bard of Tar Flat.

LIFE'S MISSION

Yield not to blaze illusions
Of untold wealth and fame:
Fear never a man of the gamblers' clan:
Play straight if you're in the game!

At times it may seem gloomy,
A wreath of thorns thy crown,
Yet ere the end you may find a friend
In the man who turned you down!

In the stress of Life's endeavor,
In the turn of Fortune's wheel,
Be never afraid, and choose thy blade
From the truest tempered steel!

Let Patience be thy motto;
Let Honor be thy goal;
It is not always might that wins the fight;
Ofttimes it's science and soul!

Be sure of thyself when summon'd;
When Duty calls attend!
Faint heart ne'er throve on a conquest of love,
Nor scarce could gain a friend!

Decline the grace of others—
The favors that you'd deny—
'Tis villain or sneak, or the pitied weak
Who gives to the world the lie!

Let modesty commend you
Where'er you wend your way:
Don't burden your mind with care; you'll find
There'll come another day!

Ne'er doubt the trend of Friendship;
Mistrust not the life-long Friend:
Events may occur where Parsons may err;
Abide in faith to the end!

Your mission in Life now ended;
You've fail'd in your cherish'd plan;
Although you don't hold a million in gold,
You're nevertheless a man!

A smile for the humble worthy;
Don't lose your soul in success:
Perhaps ere you die your fortune may fly,
And you'll bend low in distress!

—Bard of Tar Flat.

Stray Leaves

from

Memory's Album

Short Stories from the Poetical Works
of the Bard of Tar Flat and other
Eminent Authors



Legend to a Maid



To Evelyn

'The Tattlers' Library' Collection
Transcription

by

M. D. H.



A LEGEND OF A MAID

Ah, many, many years unroll—
A thousand years or more—
Ere we may scan upon a scroll
Well writ in ancient lore,
Where dwelt a maid of notes and trills;
A maid bewitching fair,
Among the charming Piedmont hills
Where orchids bloom so rare!

Whereof this lithesome hazel blonde
The scrit doth firm appeal;
Sets forth her word as bankers' bond;
Her heart as truest steel:
Of physique firm; of subtle brain;
Withal a classic mien,
To highest art did well attain—
O'er all her realm was seen!

No gentlewoman—be it said—
Of royal blood was she;
A marchioness of Piedmont-glade;
A princess soon to be:
Yet, wherewithal in art a prize,
Possess'd of talents rare;
And, too, so practically wise—
Although uncommon fair!

Ne'er served she at the kitchen trade,
Nor toil'd she o'er the range,
Yet, from the baker's stock she made—
E'er marvelous and strange—
Full ev'ry compound with a dash:
Her products were a dream,
From old-time vegetable hash
To puffs of choc'late-cream.

She shamed the saddler at his will;
The painter at his brush.
In midnight toil she train'd her skill
When all the world was hush!
Upon the scroll 'twas writ the maid
Did paint exceeding rare;
On precious pottery, 'twas said—
But ne'er her cheeks so fair!

In music's realm did she excel—
'Twas so the classic wrote—
Upon the soulful lyre, as well
Forth from her charming throat,
Came melodies in rapture bound
To thrill most grieving hearts;
Thus, on the scroll, 'twas writ around
This maid of classic arts!

In times of tournament her skill
Ne'er archer dare decry.
The trusty arrow, at her will,
Pierced sure the faint bull's-eye.
The scimitar she well did know,
To guard, to feint, to thrust;
And many a plumed, audacious foe,
Before her bit the dust!

She'd hunt the wild beast in its lair;
And through the mountain wild,
She'd deftly point her chestnut mare—
Though but a seeming child!
In conquests, sports, and all, 'twas said
She held in bitter scorn
Opponents granting her—as maid—
The thrills, of danger shorn!

'Twas writ, that, on a Winter's day
She dived into the sea,
And challenged boldest knight the way
To follow but a wee:
Ah, none there were dared venture e'en
To swim the mad waves o'er;
Yet, this fair maid of dauntless mien
Swam safe to distant shore!

Our leisure whilst these scenes among,
To con this legend old,
We'd glean the trend of hearts so young;
Ay, too, the knights how bold:
We fain would know if maid so fair
May challenge boldest knight,
And note, to follow none may dare—
From morn through darkest night!

The lamb and lion truly blent
Supreme—the modest maid—
And, verily, to good intent;
No man hath contra said!
Albeit she pursues her way
Full conscious of her pose,
On, to that endless, cloudless day
Where are no cares; no woes!

So, on the scroll was writ this theme,
“A Legend of a Maid,”
And, from its tenor doth it seem
A Marchioness portray'd:
But why regret the slumb'ring years—
A thousand years in fine—
A sweetest counterpart appears
At Christmas, nineteen-nine!

—Bard of Tar Flat.

REFLECTION

Often when the mellow twilight
Lingers with departing day,
Loth to vanish in the ether
Of the boundless far-away,
We frail mortals, mute in dreaming
Of the pleasures fleeting fast;
Dreaming o'er Life's sublime picture,
In the mirror of the past!

How the twilight quickly deepens;
Night has cross'd the portal near,
With her magic mantle waiting
For the day to disappear.
Once her mantle drawn about us,
Not a ray of hope remains
To reshape our day of errors
Or revoice our sad refrains!

Yet, I would not live Life's Drama
E'er again in pious thought
I could make a cleaner record
By the lessons grief had taught!
Through a life not free from blemish,
I have known no ribald curse;
Though no saint, to live it over
I might make it ten-fold worse!

Let the years agoe lie buried
'Neath the mounds of coldest clay;
Resurrect no ghost of fancy
Prone to wear a life away!
Nay, inhale the glorius sunshine
Full to fullness while it lasts:
Leave to them who brood o'er mishaps,
Cloudy skies and Wint'ry blasts!

Let them tell their tales of sorrow;
How misfortune took them in;
How the friends would borrow, borrow;
Weaving e'er a web of sin,
Then the web so deftly woven
They were caught within its snare!
Thus duplicity was proven,
Leaving scarce a beggar's fare!

Offtimes—stranger far than fiction—
Woeful tales like this we hear,
Placing all on crafty diction
Of a knave immune to fear;
But, I'll venture this reminder
Ere I cast aside my pen,
That, "our fellowmen are kinder
Truly—nine times out of ten!

Life is what we choose to make it;
Summer, Autumn. Winter drear;
Overflowing now with pleasures—
Sometimes seeming too severe;
Yet, upon the whole no changes
Could we mortals ever plan,
To improve the Heav'nly ransom
God bequeath'd in trust to man!

—Bard of Tar Flat.





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Conscience



'The Tattlers' Library' Collection
Transcription

by

M. D. G.

CONSCIENCE.

Don't spurn the message that I've writ;
Reserve it for the thoughtful hour,
And pass it for an honest scrit
Before your fatal cloud may lower!
I trust the record thus shall be—
After I'm number'd with the dead—
No mortal e'er appeal'd to me
And turn'd away unkempt; unfed!

A selfish act, a haughty frown,
A mien of chill urbanity,
May satisfy the apish clown
Who thrives upon Life's vanity!
To one who comes well shorn of mask,
Whose heart o'erflows with charity,
To him, or her, I'll leave the task
To judge of my disparity!

I've seen the blazon'd banquet hall;
I've known the shallow lure of Whist;
As well, the jewell'd, gauzy ball,
With pure and impure as the grist;
The grist that's sent on to the mill
That grinds forever and for aye,
Where, if your harvest's check'd as nil
You'll see yourself as Satan's prey!

The Heav'nly judge you can't evade;
He won't condone your vicious ills;
Up there you cannot masquerade
And save your soul on feints and thrills!
'Tis There Deception's mantle drops;
The budding flower of social plane
Is winnow'd from the righteous crops,
So that no carnal tares remain!

There, no false prophet's bland request
Shall lure you from the saintly fold;
'Tis There you'll need no treasure-chest
Fill'd to the lid with yellow gold!
Don't think the world is upside down;
Don't think that you're the only saint
On whom the Lord ne'er casts a frown;
Ne'er such a picture shall you paint!

When in a wakeful hour—or dream—
Don't score your neighbors thru and thru;
Perhaps things are not as they seem;
They may be nearer right than you:
And, when you think, my dear old friend
That you've more wisdom than your boss,
Your time in his employ may end—
May be his gain—may be your loss!

Because your neighbors do not rant,
Nor flare their virtues o'er and o'er,
Nor hymns in doleful measure chant,
Don't think kind deeds they know no more!
In anguish many hearts are bow'd,
Enmesh'd in coils of gossip's snare;
But for a chance were they allow'd
Could plead a record clean and fair!

You have a soul; you have a heart;
One as a dreamer to depict,
The other as a fateful part—
In righteous judgment to convict!
Life's drama grand buys all your art;
It shields your grief whilst seeming gay:
They care not for the yearning heart—
They've paid your price to make the play!

And so the world is satisfied
Withal the actors' subtle trend;
You've never cast the mask aside
To show the poise—false or friend!
Behold, the flame of sham they fan,
And white-wash baneful acts in fine!
Shake off false pride and be a man,
And fear not but the law Divine!

Your "Club Elite" may have its train
To procreate a social caste;
In blaze conceit may hope to gain
A regime of a knightly past:
The emptiness of all this glare
They do not seem to comprehend;
And once in thrall they may not dare
To spurn the foe who posed as friend!

Throughout Life's Drama thus they act,
Yet, mirror'd on the Conscience screen,
They see their dual life attack'd,
And shrink in horror at their mien!
Oh, why delay the blessed hour;
The glorious dawn of Virtue's role,
Ere unrelenting clouds may lower,
And Satan claims an erring soul!

To ev'ry question—oft 'tis said—
"There are two sides" so, then I pray,
Ere all your faith in one is dead
Consider well the scorers's lay!
Engage the person e'er accused;
In honor's claim, of him demand
The wherefor he's so much abused,
Or pass'd in sneers at ev'ry hand!

If his recital—all serene—
Brings forth a tale you'd brand as true,
I'll say you're knave—or born in spleen---
To shun his path as others do!
Whilst others show their silent scorn,
Or vent their spite whene'er they can,
'Tis sweet to feel that you were born
In fear of God---a friend to man!

There is a debt of honor due
To ev'ry mortal---foe or friend---
And ere Life's journey we are through
'Tis well that we make our amend.
Although you're robed in saintly gown
In Life's great drama, I believe
That when they ring the curtain down
The Lord's critic you'll ne'er deceive!

And, when up There, they call the roll
Of actors for that endless play,
They'll note the sham that's in your soul
And ban your blandishments for aye!
While speeding o'er the course of Life,
It matters not the time or place,
Be well prepared ere ends the strife
To look your Maker in the face!

Your social claim avails you nought;
Your worldly worth is but a dream:
Your heart must be as purely brought
As e'er the mountain's crystal stream!
You think your conscience is obscure;
The wickedness within unknown;
But, ne'er was legend written truer
Than, "ye shall reap as ye hath sown!"

Leaf by leaf the roses falling;
Drop by drop the springs run dry;
One by one beyond recalling
Souls of mortals Heav'nward fly!
Look ahead whilst hope caressing;
Let the past deep burried lie—
Lest the earthly ills distressing
Greet the superstitious eye!
Waver not in life's endeavor;
Aim at heights where all supreme
Virtue's name shall live forever;
Then fulfill'd thy fondest dream!
Looking backward? nay, nay never;
Not to grope in error's train:
Look ahead and pray that ever
Wisdom, honor, ye shall gain!
Would ye blight ere scarcely budded,
Wither, droop, and full decay,
All too listless to have studied
Life's pure, wholesome, only way?
Round and round the wheels keep turning,
Of Life's busy, busy mill:
Keep the home-fires brightly burning;
Cheerful, be a worker still!
Wake ye, then, in earnest action,
Ere the coming of the dawn,
When St. Peter's benefaction
From thy fare'll be surely drawn!
Never with a laggard's shamble
Shall ye find one precious gem;
Never with the thrifty ramble—
Naught would be thy diadem!

—Bard of Tar Flat.

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Tut-Ankh-Amen



Evolution

"The Tattlers' Library" Collection

Transcription

by

M. D. D.

1875

1875



1875

1875

1875

1875

1875

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TUT-ANKH-AMEN

"EXAMINER," the newsies bark;
"EXTRA, extra; the great surprise;
The biggest thing since Noah's Ark;
They've found where Tut-Ankh-Amen lies!"
Great men of science now can tell
Of doings when the world was new;
Where kings and hoboes used to dwell,
And how they pull'd the big stunts through!

They carved their acts on slabs of stone,
And scribbled them on papyrus;
And, yet for ages nought was known
About a solitary cuss!
They surely fell short in discretion—
As robber barons often do;
Had they been stars in their profession
We'd still be hunting for a clew!

We're told about their jewels rare,
And gold wrought into wondrous lines,
And dainty fabrics for their fair,
And precious vessels for their wines!
They tell us that the women folks
Were skill'd in decorative art,
And that cosmetics were no jokes,
But served them as make-up part!

And, judging—as the record goes—
Their lips and cheeks were tinted red,
And, too, they powder'd off their nose,
And bobb'd their hair—the better bred!
They tell us that the dancing girls
Were agile and not over shy,
And through the hazy light their whirls
Were most alluring to the eye!

And all their dresses, don't you know,
Were up to date—'twixt you and I,
They wore 'em very high below,
And very much too low up high!
Sometimes their arms and legs were bare,
Yet, some of 'em wore shadow-hose—
You see they had no censor there
To fill an old man's heart with woes!

'Tis sad to know at this late day,
They left no movie-picture slides,
To teach us of the manly way
They had of sizing up their brides.
We wonder if they kiss'd their paws,
And bow'd and scraped in frigid style,
Or did they grab 'em in their claws
And squeeze 'em—as in modern guile?

And when the giddy show was o'er,
The night was dark, the hour was late,
Did they escort 'em to the door,
Or kiss 'em good-bye at the gate?
So far their records nothing show
Relating to their bill of fare;
We sort o' feel we'd like to know
Just what they ate—how, when, and where!

We hope some day it will appear—
This information that we seek—
And tell us if 'twas five cent beer,
And room rent two fifty per week!
We wonder if the high-brows knew
A code to live within their means,
And would they switch from frog-leg stew
To Boston brown bread, pork and beans?

But, size the bunch up as you may,
Their methods were not always bunk—
For instance, when their mortal clay
They preserved in the form of punk!
That act appalls our modern guys—
Cramm'd full of late-day college lore—
And brands them ancients over wise
In stunts that we can do no more!

Perhaps some day they'll get more news
Of breezy Tut and all his clan;
Or, yet unearth more ancient clues
To lead 'em to a bigger man!
Perhaps in digging deeper down
They may exhume a royal sire
Who'll make old Tut look a clown—
And all his stuff will hunt a buyer!

Or, they could frame a "Clearance Sale,"
And placards reading, "goods mark'd down,"
Or, auctioneers to spiel and rail
To all the "bargain nuts" in town!
And when their stock was getting low,
With buyers still at fever-heat,
New Jersey artisans we know
Could fill rush orders most complete!

Napoleon had a bedstead rare,
Where oft he'd lay his frame to rest,
And to evade the damn'd night-mare
He vision'd in his murder quest!
This bedstead, now a priceless prize,
Stands in an antique lover's shrine
In ev'ry nation 'neath the skies—
And each one pass'd as genuine!

Upon our fancy, fakers play—
Where doubt hangs by a single thread—
And so I'll say our modern jay
Is quite as slick as Tut's old dead!
A great man once with us was placed—
A mighty Emperor—Norton I (one);
Although not quite unto our taste,
He surely was some son-of-a-gun!

We mention this that you may see
A monarch once with us did dwell;
So, from Egyptian to Chineese
The spooky thrills are few to tell!
Ten thousand years or more from now—
With ancient history's pages read—
They'll know the methods, place, and how
We plant our Great and Royal dead!

Or, better still, there'll be the boon
Of wireless that will help 'em out!
They'll get us far beyond the moon,
To tell 'em just what we're about!
But in our tombs they'll find no gold,
Nor precious gems, nor antiques stored.
We'll state that fearing rust or mold,
We turn'd them in, to Henry Ford!
—Bard of Tar Flat.

APOLOGIES TO KISSER

You're wasting time, Kisser, to ply the hot iron
To Sir Oliver Lodge—or Conan Doyle's dope,
Whilst we've our good prophet, our dear, wily Bryan,
To bolster us up in our shadowy hope!
'Tis true it seems dark and uncertain as blazes,
At times as we hobble along the highway,
With all of the rich men a-ridin', be jazez,
And we have to hoof it from three miles away!

Relentless they grind us; they show no contrition;
They envy us, even the powder-face lass;
They've wither'd our maws by their damn'd prohibition—
They'll soon leave us nothing but water and grass!
But some day we'll vamoose away from this plunder,
This joyous Hypocrisy whitewash'd with care,
Away to that zone where it's hotter than thunder,
Where all of the lodgers go foodless and bare!

Where's never a tag-day, no taxes to worry,
No picture-show darlings to flatten our purse,
No babies to yank us out nights in a hurry,
No women on juries—for better or worse!
Where laddies and lassies are never in terror
Whilst doing the Fox-trot, or Hawaiian Flop;
They never arrest an old jay for an error
And give him six months through the ban of a COP!

Where Tom-cats ne'er roam in nocturnal incursions;
Where Poll-parrots never disturb you at dawn;
Where horse-races, prize-fights, and other diversions
Are but the mere shadows of days that are gone!
Where's never a snap for the banker or broker,
Though prating their wisdom—the price of their soul;
They'll tackle a job to hold down as a stoker
Till skill'd in the science of shoveling coal!

You'll never be pester'd by rich undertakers,
Nor insurance spielers—their boon to declare,
Nor book-agents, parsons, or street-corner fakers—
Though it costs not a cent for a bag of hot air!
Dear Kisser, brace up, swipe the dope that I'm giving;
Don't fail to butt in on this glorious chance;
You'll not be distress'd by the high cost of living—
And not a damn nickel to join in the dance!

The Devil must surely have many attractions;
His play-house has never been posted, "To Let,"
So, when I am through with these earthly distractions,
I'm off on the first train for Hades, you bet!

—Bard of Tar Flat.



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Noah's First Voyage



History

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Transcription

by

M. D. H.

TAKEN FROM
SHAKE'S PEER'S LIFE OF NOAH.

XXXXXXXX

I'm told a book in ancient lore
Records a mariner named Noah,
Who—as a hobby—built a boat,
And on the Spring-tide let her float;
But, ere he hove his anchor in,
He seized of ev'ry living thing
A pair, and sacks of grub and coal
And stowed them in the lower hold.
Shem, Ham, and Japheth shipp'd as crew,
Then closed the shutters thru and thru.
How long he cruised—both far and wide—
Was never known; but 'twas ebb-tide
When from the Ark a gentle dove
Flew forth in search of cabbage grove,
Or coursing park—that Coffroth plann'd—
Or symbol from the submerged land!
When lo, the bird came to roost,
And with an olive leaf to boost
The hopes of Noah and his friend,
That they would shortly sight “Land's End”. *he*
As o'er the boundless sea stole
A glance, he saw at the North Pole,
A sign that chuck'd him full of thrills—
Though somewhat blurr'd it read “Ayers' Pills”.
“Land, ho'”, shriek'd Noah from the bridge!
“The Golden Gate”, yell'd Sam Shortridge!
“What, San Francisco; holy smoke,
My new chronometer's a joke!
Then presently he heard a sound
Of many voices; looking around
He spied a Yankee and some chaps
At logger-heads a playin' Craps.
Alas, alas, sighed old man Noah,
Such recklessness I much deplore!

Put me ashore; I'll homeward steal—
Except I'm punctured in the heel,
So like Achilles, young and bold,
Or yet like Hector, dragg'd and roll'd,
Amid the din of fiendish joy,
Thrice round the walls of wretched Troy!
Then round his pyre the villains mix
To roast and throw him in the Styx!
And thus mused Noah till the brine
Fill'd both his optics; and their shine
Was dimm'd, and astigmatic view
Caused him to see six things for two!
But, Noah was not built to pine;
He had a stubborn, Celtic spine.
At last an aunt, sedate and queer,
Yell'd in his dull and starboard ear,
Sell the old boat, and with the cash,
Togg out in style and cut a dash;
Engage a suite and be a swell
In Jimmy Phelan's Roof Hotel!
Don't mope, don't be a chronic bore;
Start a second-hand clothing store!
Not on your tin-type; woe is me,
I have a longing for the sea;
I'd be a failure on the land;
I'll steer my boat for Jordan's strand,
And build a trade in figs and dates,
Radios, fiddles, codfish, skates,
And movie films, as business thrives!
Hail to the day, my sons and wives—
When last I croak and skip "Across"—
You scoop the cash and mourn the "boss"!
For lawyers' fees—and other sharks—
I'll leave a billion German Marks!

—Bard of Tar Flat.

Sprays of Moonshine Through the Garret Window



Short Stories
from
The Poetical Works
of
William Shakespeare
and
Other Skandulous Writers
The Gate House Press
Publishing Company



Sincerely Dedicated
to
The Tattlers'
by
M. D. W.

ODE—TO THE WAITER GIRL.

You'll notice each morning I breakfast here
Why it so happens I'll tell you my dear.
I like your mush, and eggs, and ham,
Your apple-sass and currant jam.
I like your buns, and cakes and pies—
Last, but not least, your sparkling eyes.
Your sweetheart, miss, pray do not tell,
For he would shout as sure as h—l
"Any old jay who writes such rot
Never should dwell in a white man's cot.:
Trial by jury, convicted, and then
Sentenced for life to a "Hermit's Den";
And a hardwood plank whereupon to lie,
With nothing to eat but, Eskimo Pie;
And jackass-brandy to slacken his thirsts
Till his dome explodes or his stomach bursts:
Then mop the floor with the infamous bard
Who reels off the stuff we print on this card.

BILL SHAKE'S PEER



THE WAITER-GIRL'S LAMENT.

My dear old friend Jingle I'm reading your verse
It might have been better—it couldn't be worse!
Don't slaughter old Webster—like mince-meat for pies,
For our boarding-house critics to analyze
Advising you thus you may say that I'm queer;
But I think you were fashioned for handing out beer.
Perhaps a good surgeon you'd possibly make;
But O, my dear friend I beseech you forsake
The role of a scribbler and tackle a job;
Where there's never a fear of a whack on your nob!
Perhaps you may happen to have on a jag;
If not I will say you're a consummate wag
Your pretense at rhyming I truly deplore:
O, please spare my feelings; don't write any more!
I'm sorry to note that you style yourself "BARD";
The stuff you reel off ain't worth ten cents a yard;
For when you have paid for pens, paper and ink,
There'll be nothing left you for victuals and drink:
You wouldn't have car fare; forever you'd walk;
You couldn't buy sweetheart a kirtle or smock.
For ice cream and candy she'd languish you know;
Likewise for the movies and vaudeville show!
Don't brood o'er the chilly advice that I've writ
Simply throw up the sponge and call it a quit!

WAITER GIRL

A BACHELOR'S PRAYER.

Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight
Give us a maiden with skirts not so tight;
Give us a girl whose charms, many or few,
Are not so exposed by much peek-a-boo.
Give us a maiden—no matter what age—
Who won't use the street for a vaudeville stage
Give us a girl not so sharply in view;
Dress her in skirts that the sun won't shine through!
Give me the dances of days long gone by,
With plenty of clothes, and steps not so high;
Oust turkey-trot capers, and buttermilk glides,
The hurdy-gurd twist and the wiggle-tail slides;
Then let us feast our tired optics once more
On "Genuine Woman" as sweet as of yore
Yes, Time, please turn backward and grant our request
For God's richest blessing—but not one undressed.
WYOMING MOUNTAINEER.

APOLOGIES TO THE BAREFOOT BOY.

Blessings on thee, little girl,
Bare-kneed miss with brain aw whirl,
With thy rolled-down shadow hose—
Where the deuce are all thy clothes?—
And thy red mouth—such a sight—
Smeared with lip stick day and night!
With thy powder and thy paint,
Cobweb blouse that almost ain't!
To the heart dear you give pains:
Hasn't mother any brains?



Blessings on thee, mimic man,
With tny cheek so shy of tan;
With thy hair all smeared with oil;
Fists that never have known toil
With a "fag" between thy teeth,
And a weak chin underneath;
With thy hands all manicured,
And a brain that's immatured,
We poor women you make sick.
Hasn't father any kick?

(Transc.)

Stray Leaves

from

Memory's Album

Short Stories from the Poetical Works
of the Bard of Tar Flat and other
Eminent Authors



Song of the Kodak Girl



Delusion

"The Tattlers' Library" Collection

Transcription

by

M. D. H.

SONG OF THE KODAK GIRL

'Twas a lovely Sunday morning,
With the Sun the hills adorning;
And the fields were clad in all their freshest
green,
When a maid with lots of fixtures—
Such as used in taking pictures—
Came gaily tripping through the sunshine
gleam;
And she said, "if not distressing—
With your pardon for addressing—
You'll oblige me if you'll quietly abide
In your happy disposition,
And your present suave position,
While I snap you for a movie-picture slide."

'Twas in Summer; and beginnin'
With a jaunty suit of linnin',
I will tell you how my head went all a-whirl;
An' a faintest hope of winnin',
But you see 'twas not my innin',
With the dearest, swellest, little kodak girl.
I was strollin' by the river,
When my heart went all a-quiver,
And my hat within my hand went all a-whirl;
Did I tropically shiver?
Ask me not—but I'll forgive her
If she nevermore her Cupid darts will hurl!

With her fingers slim and taper,
 And her poise the proper caper,
 While her camera she pointed, naively said,
 "Glad you're freshly from your draper;
 Glad to snap you for our paper;
 You will please me, sir, to slightly raise your
 head!"
 'Neath her hat—a merry widder—
 From the Sun it nicely hid her;
 Teeth of pearl and dimpled cheeks so like the
 rose;
 So I tried to pass and rid her
 Of obtrusion which I did her—
 Or annoyance where I rashly might propose!

Now a makin' eyes I caught her—
 And I felt I hadn't ought-er—
 She was blushin' like the sweetest roses red;
 Ah, to me this fairest daughter
 Smiled and said, "across the water"—
 But it breaks my heart to tell you what she
 said!
 Oh, my heart in sore oppression
 As I ask her for possession
 Of her heart and hand; again she naively said,
 "For your modesty's transgression
 I will render my confession:
 Sir, to one across the water I am wed!"

REFRAIN

When Vesper-bells chime, enchanting, sublime,
 Pray tell whatso'er will you do,
 In glad Summer-time, midst myrtle and thyme,
 When girls train a kodak on you?
 —Bard of Tar Flat.

THE
LIBRARY OF THE
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
AND
ZOOLOGY
OF THE
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Stray Leaves

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The Red White and Blue



A Tale of the Sea

This Story Selected from
"The Tattlers' Library" Collection
by
M. D. D.

THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE

'Twas a stanch new ship; 'twas her maiden trip,
And her crew were seasoned tars,
Whilst her skipper and mates wore sun-browned pates
And swore by the "Stripes and Stars"!
'Twas the month of May when she sailed away
On a voyage to the tropic seas,
And her starboard tack left a foamy track
As she sped with a whole-sail breeze!
With a harvest moon and a dog-watch rune—
Whilst the old tars prophesy—
The good ship and true, "The Red, White and Blue,"
Hove-to 'neath a tropic sky.
At the mouth of the straits for a pilot she waits
To take her safe over the shoal,
And into the bay where the merchantmen lay,
Till swung to their berths at the mole.
From out of her hold the cargo was sold:
She chartered again as before,
To plough the high seas, to the Florida Keys
And from thence on-to Singapore.
She was ninety days out—or thereabout—
And the mid-day sun looked glum,
Whilst the sea-dog-mate wore an anxious pate
And swallowed his gill of rum!
"All hands on deck," piped the boatswain; a fleck
Appeared in the cloudless sky:
The nautical head of the skipper was led
To forecast a typhoon hard-by;
His forecast was true; the telltale spot grew,
To a breeze and to a gale!
The skipper and mates of the sun-browned pates
Gave orders to shorten sail.
From his whistle so true the boatswain blew
The call of the sea-dog-mate!
The thunder's fierce roll bespoke the grim toll
At Neptune's treacherous gate!
Then rang out eight bells—the starboard-watch knells—
And the bold mate yelled, "Tack ship,"
Then again, "Hard-a-lee," as the maddened sea
Ploughed in for a fatal dip!
So the seas surged on, as of tempest born,
And bred in relentless hate,
Whilst skipper and crew of "The Red, White and Blue"
Were held in the coils of Fate.

O'er the mad seas toss'd, and her main deck washed,
The struggle for life went on;
Under close-reef sail she met the fierce gale
And tore a hole through the storm!
Her oaken ribs groaned, and the mad-caps moaned
And shrieked in their drunken glee,
Awaiting the doom of the ship through the gloom
To heighten the deviltry!
On and onward she sped, and hope had nigh fled
As she scud before the gale;
Then a Satanic freak—she had sprung a leak,
And she ducked her leeward rail!
How she shivers and jumps as they man the pumps,
And the top-masts go by the board.
Lo, the seasoned tars knew it was die or do,
Whilst the storm king louder roared!
With the storm-stay-sail sheet sent home to the cleat,
And the main sheet haul'd chock-a-block,
She writhed in her plight like a demon of night,
The phantom of death to mock!
With a sickening wail, washed over the rail,
The steward was sent to his doom,
Where myriads sleep in the fathomless deep—
In a crypt of ocean's tomb.

Onward and on the stanch ship sped,
And thrice she missed that watery grave,
That fathomless tomb of countless dead—
Beyond all mortal power to save!

The herald of Fate bade the tempest abate:
At last through the fearful gloom
Came a gladdening sight—'twas the beacon-light
And the signal cannon's boom!
Throughout the long night, that angel of light
Gleamed forth as a safe decoy
To guide the stanch ship, through the devilish rip—
The dread of the sailor boy!
So the good ship wore on till coming of dawn,
Till the storm-king's strength was spent.
With the glorious sun of the morning she'd won,
And safe into port she went!

—Bard of Tar Flat.



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The Old, Old Story



Destiny

'The Tattlers' Library' Collection

Transcription

by

M. B. H.

THE OLD, OLD STORY

The old, old story, oftentimes told;
A lad on whom Dame Fortune smiled,
Stray'd from the honest, homely fold
To play the game that lures the wild!
And, so he fell as others fall;
'Twas theft, and forgery as well,
Which end in draughts of bitter gall
Within the dismal prison cell!

The straight and narrow path he knew;
The crooked path he knew as well;
The one was paved with honor true,
The other with the slag of Hell!
The narrow path seem'd rather tame
In modern times and business swirls:
Fine clothes and gold made up the game
Of revelry—and jewel'd girls!

He chose the pathway often trod
By them who squander'd wealth and soul,
Where, by the wayside 'neath the sod
The erring youth had paid the toll;
At last the night-life's dazzled train,
With liquor, drug, and cigarette,
Distorted his elastic brain
And lured him on and to forget;

Ay, to forget the span of life
Is short whichever route we take,
And, from our weals and woes and strife
Old Father Time his toll will make!
So, in his gloomy prison cell
He saw the lingering day depart;
And as the shades of evening fell
He communed with his callous'd heart!

He sought to parry with the Lord
And thus evade impending doom;
But, false his heart and false his word—
Yet, worse by far, the ghoulish gloom!
Within the coils of legal might,
With thoughts of good alloy'd with wrath,
He vision'd through the sombre night,
The peaceful ways; the tortuous path!

Ay, Satan gloated o'er his find—
His latest victim thus ~~thus~~ to see,
Who'd cast a fortune to the wind
To swell the clans of Deviltry!
At last he slept; yet weird and blare
Were dreams to torment his tired brain;
It seems the Devil wouldn't spare
The wretch he'd fashion'd for his gain!

He heard the plaintive song—a mite—
Rock'd in his cradle ere he slept,
And knew his mother through the night
Was near, and anxious vigils kept!
He saw a ghost in smock and cowl
Unfurl the scroll of glittering lure,
With visage grim as e'er an owl
Enmesh'd the bat in clutches sure!

He saw a girl with golden hair—
As shy and lithe as e'er gazelle—
And rosy cheeks uncommon fair,
And sparkling eyes that wove a spell
Of fascination, saintly pure;
A priceless treasure, ay, and yet,
He spurn'd this flower, divine, demure,
To mingle with the ribald set!

The race was swift, and short the track;
The lights were bright, the games were on;
And once the start, 'twas turn not back
Until Destruction's hand had won!
Though priest and sinner sure must die,
The world keeps turning in its flight;
The same old stars, the same blue sky,
The same bright day, the same dark night!

Behold, Life's tide still ebbs and flows,
As Nature plann'd it eons before
Ye mortals knew the joys or woes
The Lord or Satan had in store!
Take warning now and trim your sail;
A calm forecasts a coming storm:
Your barque shall founder in the gale—
Unless she's trimm'd in sailor form!

—Bard of Tar Flat.



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H and J



Reminiscence

"The Tattlers' Library" Collection

Transcription

by

M. D. D.

YOU AND I

Can you recall the days gone by,
When you and I were young,
How an old witch would prophesy—
That old, old story sprung—
How we would cross the ocean broad,
And sail o'er many seas,
And how the goodness of our God
Would shape our destinies;
And how a maiden blithe and fair—
And dimpled cheeks withal—
Would kisses give—with more to spare—
When lovers timely call;
And how our efforts crowned with gold
Would surely come to pass?
Ah, me, whilst mingling with the old,
Or mirrored in the glass,
We dream o'er what the Gypsy said:
The gold hath turned to dross,
And that bewitchin' little maid
Now masquerades in gloss!
Though we have sailed o'er many seas
And dwelt in many climes,
We're far beneath a life of ease
And have to guard our dimes!
Now, in the Winter of our life
We hustle in our trade;
We have no angel of a wife,
No raiment tailor-made!
We buy our hats, and shirts, and shoes,
At any third-rate store:
The luxuries we cannot choose—
At times it makes us sore!
We have no maid of winsome ways
To brush our Sunday clothes;
And, so in our declining days
Are smould'ring many woes!
But when there comes a bent old man
With eyes that never see,
An arm or leg left in the van,
And deaf as deaf can be,

A voiceless throat; a tasteless tongue;
Joints swollen with the gout,
We bless our stars—while seventy young—
We're not so down and out!
And when a girl of tender years,
Of youth and beauty shed,
Adrift, to battle scorn and jeers,
No place to lay her head;
And where in poverty there dwells
The aged grandma dear,
We sort o' feel there are some Hells
Upon this hemisphere!
But when we take that last long trip
To reach the saintly fold,
We'll find no flunkies there to tip;
No use for yellow gold!
Whilst climbing up the "Golden Stairs"—
We pause to look behind—
We'll see our much disgruntled heirs
A scrappin' for their find!
'Tis when the lawyers grab their bit,
And simpletons befog,
There'll not remain enough of it
To feed a yaller dog!
So I'll advise that ere you go
See that your will's hard boiled,
For if you don't, up there you'll know
Your earthly hopes were foiled:
And yet, the Lord to us hath shown
Throughout the long, long years,
Some mercy, and, for me I've known
More sunny smiles than tears!

Thus recollection gleams and wanes;
And for our tryst I'll say,
We have our labor for our pains—
Forever and for aye!

—Bard of Tar Flat.



Stray Leaves

from

Memory's Album



Transcriptions En Ami

by

M. D. H.

Sincerely Dedicated

to

My Dear Friend Pare.

ECONOMY

Six dollars for a week's hard work!
Yet, this enormous wealth
Ne'er turned her head; she wouldn't shirk—
'Twas exercise for health!

She wore silk hose, and ostrich plumes,
But shivered not a peg,
When gossips said, "See how she grooms,
She pulls the boss' leg!"

And diamonds, too, she had galore;
And pearls and likes o' that;
A sealskin coat that touched the floor;
A twenty-dollar hat.

Of finest silks her dresses were;
Her gloves the choicest made;
Her little paws in otter fur—
When out on dress-parade.

Her wee, wee feet, you understand,
Would cause your heart a thrill;
Such dainty boots—to beat the band—
She wore through Winter's chill!

And yet, her VIRTUE ne'er was marred;
Her slumber was serene;
In dreams her conscience ne'er was jarred
By what she'd heard or seen!

So on she toiled, this little maid,
And bought a house and lot.
"Five dollars by the week," she said,
Whilst others said, "All rot."

Her cousin from the country came.
She managed to afford
To entertain him all the same
And pay his room and board!

She dressed him fresh in latest style,
And kept him looking sleek,
Because she held her job the while
And pulled down six per week.

Though pious folks gave her the jilt,
She says, "I will not hoard
Big money, like a Vanderbilt,
Though by kirk folk ignored."

The even tenor of her ways
She fostered, so to speak,
All smiles, all hopes, all joyful days—
And all on six per week!

Now, finally things got so slow
This maid began to feel,
To keep the pace well up, you know,
She'd buy an automobile.

She bought a "Baby Steinway," too;
Likewise a violin,
And briskly without more ado
She forged ahead to win!

She vocalized in MUSIC'S realm,
Five years, and there you are;
A Prima Donna—priceless gem—
An operatic star!

Now, people recognize her charms—
From minister to churl—
All rush to grab her in their arms
And kiss the dear, sweet girl.

MORAL

Dear girls, this moral is no freak.
Be pure as ANGELS, pray;
Save all you can on six per week
Against a rainy day!

BILL SHAKE'S PEER



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The Bohemian's Last Holiday



To Friend Mather

'The Tattlers' Library' Collection
Transcription

by

M. D. H.

THE BOHEMIAN'S LAST HOLIDAY.

You ask me what I have to say:
"Not much, perhaps, yet, if I may,
My EXIT I will talk about—
Prelude to my last 'DOWN AND OUT.'"

Fair Youth stretched forth a tempting hand
To lure me with a roving band;
To feast upon the joys and ills
And taste the NECTAR of its thrills.
As years passed idly, swiftly by,
I lived on this sleek VANITY;
While now I pray the Lord to leaven
My virtues needed up in Heaven.
The evils cast out ere I die,
I trust with BEELZEBUB shall lie,
In payment of the sinful fee
Due "HIS SATANIC MAJESTY."
When Father Time, so stern and sere,
Deports me from this hemisphere,
Don't call a PARSON, droll, I pray,
On this, my long, last holiday,
To rant in sermon long drawn out,
Of him he knows not much about;
Nor, yet, a choir that's off the pitch
Or sings sad songs (no matter which):
Please ask Bill Smythe to talk awhile:
His mellow voice and sunny smile
Will teach you as the moments fly,
'Tis not a gruesome act to die.
Invite Bess Clarke to sing and play
Her songs I've heard from day to day.
I think I've nothing left unsaid;
Then, tranquil be my pillowed head.
Sincerely plain—though some may scoff—
Yet, in such manner call it off
And leave me to my final rest:
This is my cheerful last request.

In solemn rest, there as I lie,
I'll not regret your moistened eye:
'Twill serve to blend with "Auld-lang-syne"
And your sincere farewell in fine.
Released from worldly care and moil,
To shuffle off this mortal coil,
Is but a passport from on high
To peace through all ETERNITY.
When NIGHT in somber garb draws near,
And wraps her mantle round my bier,
She'll sigh and murmur sweet and low,
"The Lord of Hosts hath willed it so."
To those in life I pleased to greet,
Remain and have a bit to eat.
Remember, boys, no mournful jar:
Illuminate a good cigar;
Then, as the puffs of smoke arise
To mingle with the clouded skies,
I'll thank you from my Heavenly heart
To meet me thus, and, so depart.
Serenely, then, let me abide
In my last sleep, close by the side
Of some dear friend, whose faithful hand
I'd grasp at GABRIEL'S sweet command.
Upon my mound of velvet green,
Through storm or sunshine, moonlight sheen,
May violets bloom and daisies nod,
To decorate the dismal sod,
Until the final judgment day,
When LEGIONS rise to clear the way
For me to speak my little piece,
And from the Lord get my release
From bondage held by earthly ties—
That I may skim the peaceful skies,
In sunshine's never ending time.
(Don't spurn the tenor of my rhyme.)

To give a little talk like this
Doth seem to me 'tis not amiss;
Now, then, no matter where I'm at,
Revere my wish:—Bard of Tar Flat.



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The Old Friends



(In memory of Arthur Marion Hill)

"The Tattlers' Library" Collection

Transcription

by

M. B. H.

OLD FRIENDS

I'm thinking of the old friends,
Whose friendship justly tried
We've never known to waver
When drifting on the tide.
After long years of absence,
While climbing up the hills,
In tatters, hungry, weary,
Would they still nurse our ills?

I long to see the old friends,
The friends of boyhood days,
With whom I played at marbles
And other childish lays;
Recalling last words spoken,
By them who now abide
In God's celestial mansion
Beyond the GREAT DIVIDE.

I love to meet the old friends
In all of LIFE'S by-ways,
And hear their wholesome laughter,
And note their honest gaze;
To meet them at the banquet,
Or in the happy home;
How cheerfully they greet you
And say, "So glad you've come."

The portraits of my old friends
I treasure with a care,
In memory's precious album ;
You'll find them ever there.
When Father Time shall call me
And say "LIFE'S SPAN here ends,"
I'll will this cherished album
To one of these old friends.

When in serene communion
With old freinds' pictures there,
And mine meets your attention,
Pray give it passing fare.
My life account please render
With figures as they stood;
I hope you'll find a balance
To square me to the good.

Lo! cold in death before us,
A dearest old friend lies;
A noble spirit vanished,
To dwell beyond the skies.
Why are we bowed in sorrow?
God hath but plucked a flower
For His celestial garden,
Where blight may never lower.

'Tis meet that we pay tribute
To this old friend's true worth,
And prove our heart's devotion
Ere earth return to earth.
When TIME hath sharpened his sickle
And garnered every sheaf,
We'll stroll in that dominion
Where none may know a grief.

Oh! leave to me the old friends,
Until DEATH'S mantle falls
And shuts out all the daylight
From these old earthly walls.
In bright ETERNAL SUNSHINE
Ere long we'll all be blest—
Where old friends find no trouble—
Where wearied souls find rest.
(Bard of Tar Flat)

With reverence: Arthur's old-time friend:

M. D. Hemenway.

Stray Leaves from Memory's Album

Short Stories from
the Poetical Works of
the Bard of Tar Flat
and Other Eminent
Authors



A Tale of Else Creek

Sincerely dedicated
to S. J. M. by
M. D. G.

(In the Long-Ago)

A Tale of Else Creek



A little old log cabin;
A sparkling mountain stream;
Dwelt there Swiss Joe, a miner,
Alone, to toil and dream.
His mood was pure and simple;
His garb was plain and neat;
A truer friend, I'll wager,
On earth you'd never meet!

His wood-pile was in order,
His kitchen spick-span clean;
He'd sure a proper mother,
A proper home, I ween.
His stew-pan, pots and spiders
Shone like a lookin' glass;
His fare was appetizin'—
From roasts to apple-sass.

He scored a thorough system
In all his nooks and ways—
Philosophic exquisite
Imbided in boyhood days.
The wayfarers would tell you
His loss they'd much deplore,
No man was sent in hunger
Away from Swiss Joe's door!

Had he a princely fortune,
Or scanty fare in gold,
The story ne'er was written—
At least 'twas never told.
At even-tide how often,
In years of long ago,
I strolled to that old cabin
To chat with honest Joe.

A broad old-fashioned fire-place—
A winter's evening dream—
A cozy old log cabin,
Close by a mountain stream.
'Twas fascination lured me,
As busy years rolled by,
To wander to that district
Where dwelt Swiss Joe and I!

Where in the twilight hour,
When Mystery cast a pall,
And every bud and flower
Was bound in Magic's thrall,
Two turtle doves were cooing
From yonder mountain pine;
In doleful tones were wooing
In dreamy love divine.

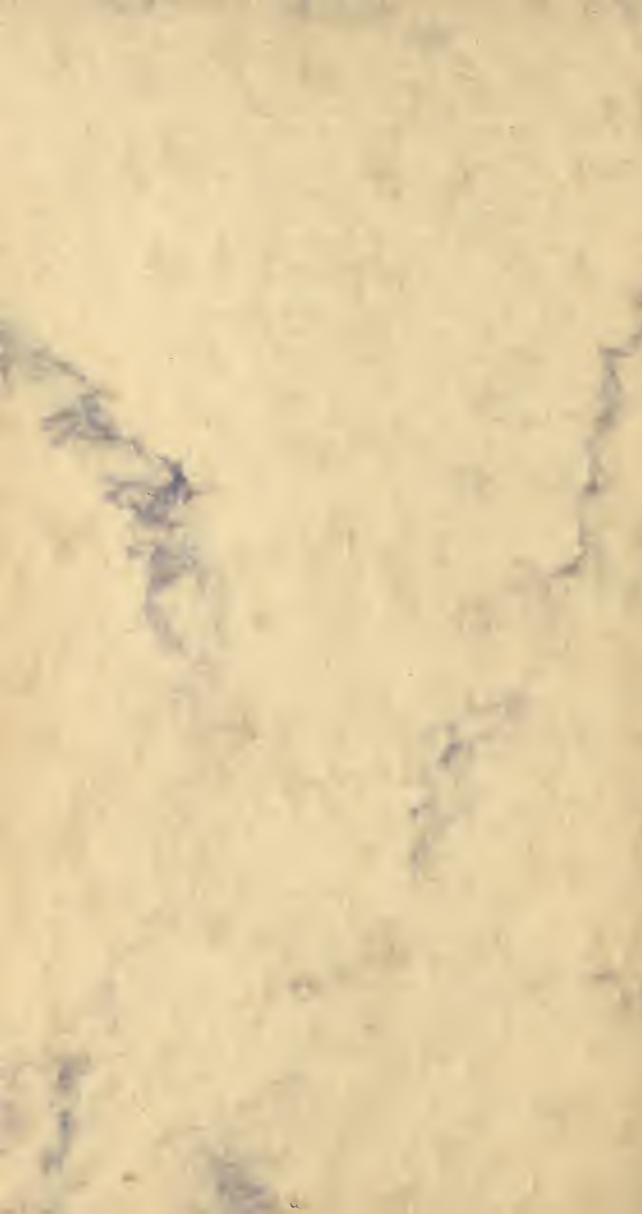
An under-growth now covers
The once beloved spot,
And nothing but a chimney
Marks that old cabin plot!
The ditch is all down-trodden,
The dam is washed away,
The mill has long since vanished
In weather's grim decay.

And ne'er an old-time neighbor,
Nor voice in accents low,
To tell me of the passing
Of my old friend Swiss Joe!
Though dead, supremely happy
I vow I'd ever be,
To know I'd shed life's mission
As square a man as he!

This tale is not a fiction,
An author's crown to seek;
There was a hermit-miner—
Swiss Joe—near by Else Creek;
Not far from old VOLCANO
That reached her goal at last,
And now the merest shadow
Of all her golden past.

Ah, fondest Recollection
Your taper's still aglow.
Doc. Ives and dear Dave Boysen—
My friends of long ago—
I think I hear you calling
The trio, to insure
A joyful day—full measure—
A night in Music's lure.

—Bard of Tar Flat.



Stray Leaves from Memory's Album

Transcriptions en ami



The Stenographer's Wooing

A Romance of Hazel Ramon



Sincerely dedicated
to
Hazel Lillian-Marchioness de Ramon
M. D. G.

THE STENOGRAPHER'S WOOING.



Hazel Ramon meets a Laymon
Going to the fair.

Hazel Ramon—to the Laymon:

“Sir, what seek ye there?”

Quoth the Laymon: “Hazel Ramon,
Seeketh I a bride;

Than thee no fairer lass may be;
Pray, with me abide.

Come to my wold and rule as queen,
With your happy train;

Hold thy court in dainty revel;
Mirthful be thy reign.

Have your ark in regal richness,
On the placid lake;

Like a dream of Egypt’s glory,
When the song birds wake.

Have your coach—a gilded treasure—
Fashioned to thy will;

Rare Arabian steeds withal,
Shall thy stables fill.

Have your hounds, and trail the hunters
O’er the broad domain;

Thus in favor, teach thy clansmen
Loyalty’s acclaim.

Occidental days enhancing
Health and mirth forsooth;

Oriental nights entrancing
Vanities of youth.

Halls of royal grandeur luring
Noble, sect or clan;

Malls, athletic sports inuring—
Proscripting no ban.”

Saith the Laymon: "Hazel Ramon
Take my chests of gold;
Build thy palace in all splendor—
Like the Queens of old."
Hazel Ramon to the Laymon:
"Hearts may ne'er be sold;
'Tis thy love, and not thy lucre,
Takes me to thy wold."

Hazel Ramon and the Laymon
Sought the parish PRIEST—
Genial, wise old FATHER DAMON—
Caught him at his feast.
Saith the Lamon: "FATHER DAMON
Haste thee, tie the knot;
Make the charming Hazel Ramon
Mine, as well you ought."

FATHER DAMON, Hazel Ramon
And the Laymon—three—
Then celebrate the wedding hour
All so merrily.
Sing I—like the lovelorn minstrel—
Sing my wistful lays:
"Hazel Ramon and thy Laymon,
Joyful be thy days."

"O'er the hills, content, in gladness;
Through the Vale of Tears;
Sunshine tempered mild with sadness
In the long, long years;
Just a little shade of sorrow
All may know so well:
Hazel Ramon and her Laymon
Thus may ever dwell."

(Bard of Tar Flat.)

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by
M. D. Hemenway.

Sprays of Moonshine Through the Garret Window

Short Stories from
the Poetical Works of
the Bard of Tar Flat



My Message

Sincerely dedicated
to The J. O. M. S. Society
M. D. W.

My Message

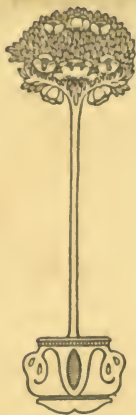


I've a message for you:
I'll note it with care;
'Twill reach you by wireless
On the waves of the air.
The whispering leaves
'Neath the Moon's silver sheen;
The most charmed spell
Of the twilight serene;
The owls and the bats
That are ever at bay,
Shall never reveal
My message, I'll say.
Of your sweet dimpled cheeks,
My message shall tell:
Your wealth of brown hair
Where the violets dwell;
The farm house so quaint,
With its grandfather's clock,
And the tin dinner horn
That called us from work;
The sleigh-rides, the dance,
The corn husking bee;
All pastimes most dear,
In our youthful glee;
The old grammar school,
And the magical spell
Of the dear young teacher—
Our sweet Isabelle.
The same Isabelle
As in days of yore,
After long years we meet
On a far distant shore.
My message hath told
Of the days gone by;
The fond dreams of childhood—
Thoughts never to die.
We'll now seek our fortunes,
And build—if we will—
A nice, cosy cot
Near the brow of the hill;

Dame Fortune now tells us—
From out of the gloom—
To woo and to wed
While health is in bloom:
While the hillsides are green,
In the glad days of Spring;
While the squirrels may chirp
And the meadow larks sing.
Now, to challenge I'll choose—
It may not come amiss—
Where there's nothing to lose
In exchanging a kiss,
Save a murmur or sigh;
Then why do we wait—
'Till dimmed is our eye—
Love's message to state?
This age is a maze:
'Tis a buz and a whirl,
With its fads, and its craze,
To lay siege to a girl;
Now why do we falter
And parley, I say,
'Till there's nothing to love
But a wrinkled old JAY?
My message, don't tell,
Don't let it leak out—
Lest your crispy old dad—
Who is down with the gout—
Might put himself wise,
(Our crooning would cease),
And with war in his eyes
He'd speak his pert piece.
Well, this is my message!
At twelve, or before,
I'll wait for your answer,
Upon the sixth floor;
With my ear near the lattice
I'll listen with care;
And take it by wireless
From the waves of the air.

(Bard of Tar Flat.)

Soliloquy



Happy New Year
San Francisco, California

Fidelity



I just dropped in to grasp your hand,
And say good health and cheer.
I trust the joys you've erstwhile planned
May thrive the present year.

Another year is hushed in sleep—
Eternal sleep serene—
Yet, this old earth hath scores of mirth,
For you and me, I ween.

I'm glad to note vast sheaves of wheat,
From acres wisely tilled;
Thy coffer chest—thy needs to meet—
With shekels amply filled.

Though ye possess broad lands and gold,
Don't part with over fare.
Remember, CHARITY is cold—
"OLD AGE" shall claim a share.

Don't take each stranger chance may send
In PARSON'S plain attire,
Unto thy heart so like a friend
That meets thy fond desire.

But lo! I would not have thee spurn
The stranger poorly clad;
Give him a chance thy grace to earn;
Ay, save him from the bad.

Ofttimes a heart as true as thine
When lured to SATAN'S way;
But for one chance as thine, in fine,
Would be thy peer this day.

Ye shall not read the outcast heart;
Its scroll is most obscure.
A stubborn shield protects some part
Where grief can long endure.

Yet, once that shield is turned aside,
And love hath conquered there,
In SUNSHINE may ye both abide,
Free from suspicion's snare.

To live thus freed from care and strife,
In harmony and love;
The greatest boon to mortal life:
True blessings from above.

Thus may I reach my journey's end,
And, when life's skein is spun,
I trust my epitaph, dear friend,
Thou'lt scribe, and say, "WELL DONE."

Then from my home beyond the sky,
I'll see that tablet where
The throng may scan whilst passing by,
Thy tribute graven there.



P. S.—

My postscript here may well attend,
Acknowledging sincere,
Thy greeting as an old-time friend,
FIDELITY, how dear.

(Bard of Tar Flat)

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M. D. Hemenway.

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